BIGGEST TITS MONEY CAN BUY

HOOKER

HOOKER

FDC-63452

April, 1985 $1.95

THE BEST LOVE MONEY CAN BUY

THE ULTIMATE PERVERSION!
Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Go Back In The Whorehouse

TRADE YOUR MUSCLE FOR HER MUFF
And Save $$$

CLASS ASS YOU CAN BUY FOR QUARTERS!

Covergirl

TINA:
"If You're Rough Enough You Can Have Me For Free!"

HOW TO BUY A PRIME PIECE

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Jenny
Your Cheating Whore

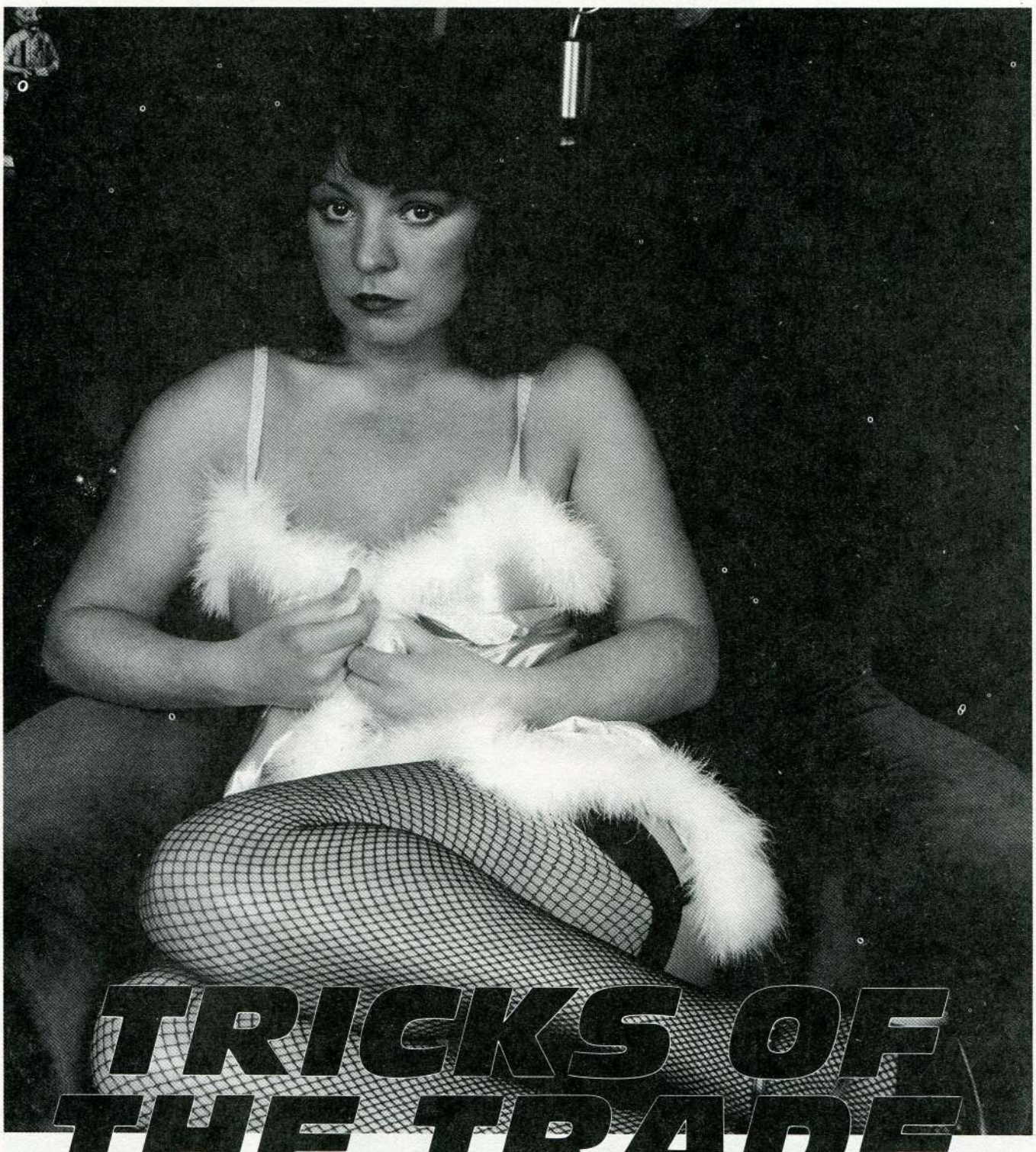
"My husband rescued me from a whorehouse. He found me working at a place in D.C. and after one blowjob proposed on the spot. Well, I know a meal ticket when I see one and dear Henry is a seven course sit-down dinner. We're very happy, especially since he's out of town most of the time. You see, I really loved my work and didn't want to stop. Dear Henry doesn't make me; he just wants me to restrict tricking to when he's away.

"Word gets out when I'm entertaining. I used to be considered one of the best in D.C. and charged accordingly. Now that dear Henry pays the bills I can afford to price myself lower and pack more customers into the small time available. In fact, I'm real cheap now, 'cause I'm just doing it for kicks.

"You really should stop by next time Henry's away. We could retire to my Swedish Room, modeled after a

combination sauna/exercise room. I'd pour you a drink and show you my collection of silver accessories. I love silver. Must be 'cause it's the color of quarters, which is what I work for now. I love it when a man really wants to get acquainted before getting down to business. Though I've been a hooker all my adult life I'm just a shy

little girl at heart. Just because you're paying doesn't mean we can't be friends. After all, you're only paying pennies for my time, so why not waste a little? Dear Henry will never mind, and if he does, what can a man expect when he marries a whore?"



TRICKS OF THE TRADE

This new feature is designed to educate our readers and answer your questions about the secret rites, rituals and personal habits of whores everywhere. When you use a hooker, whether she be a cheap streetwalker, a sheltered parlor girl, or a classy callgirl, you see only a tiny part of her life. Every day we get letters asking about that great unknown, the real lives of whores. Each month HOOKER will take one reader's question and answer it in an exclusive, educational pictorial. Send your questions to:

Tricks of the Trade c/o HOOKER
450 7th Ave. Suite 2305
N.Y., N.Y. 10001

This Month's Question:

Dear HOOKER,

I'm a real greenhorn when it comes to purchasing pussy and I been holding off on buying the piece of ass I so dearly need due to my fear of choosing unwisely. Like, when I need a new Cadillac, say, I know to kick the tires and check to see the radio works. Be there something similar to check with a lady of the night? What exactly do I inspect to make sure I'm getting the strictly *prime* snatch to which I'm entitled?

Nappy Charles
Chicago, Ill.

A burning question, Nappy and one HOOKER is proud to be able to answer for you and all the aspiring johns out there.

Ruby Rearbud will serve as our demonstration model.

1. Check her tits. A hooker cannot by law wear the Prime *stamp unless her tits are full, firm and free of stretch marks, bite marks, claw marks and tattoos advertising an affection for men named Ramone.*

2. Check her pussy. A Prime *pussy will be pink and compact. It will* not *gape like the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel. It will* not *smell like a cancerous anchovy. The lips will* not *flap in a 5 knot breeze.*

3. Check her ass. **Prime** *hookers show a rear richly marbled with firm, creamy fat. The marks and tattoos described under #1 should be absent.*

4. Lastly, check her flexibility. The answer to What does a Prime hooker put behind her ears to attract a john? *is* Her feet. *I sincerely hope we've been of help.*

TITS
INCREDIBLE

"Can you guess what my specialty is? It might be hard, though it's usually hard when men start looking at me. Or at least at some parts of me. Did you notice what a great ass I have? Betcha didn't. See my long, lovely legs? Don't try to lie. I know full well that all anyone sees when they look at me, Gourds Gucci, are my massive, pendulous cock-strangling bazooms. And I love it. If I didn't have unnaturally enormous hooters I'd be a shit hooker. I mean, I know my face is more beagle than beauty and I can't suck a dick worth doodly squat. But as the Jewish joke runs, thank God I don't have to. One look at these babies and all any man wants to do is grab a double handful of milk gland and shove his prod up the middle. I've been titty-fucked so many times I got calluses on my cleavage, but don't take it as a complaint. I'm proud as piss to be America's number one boob-banger and I'm here to say I mean to *stay* number one. Hooters Gibson out in Denver has been running her yap about how she's gonna steal my crown. Same with Knockers

Rockne in Detroit. Well, I says to youse all, Gourds Gucci of Philadelphia will take you on, any time, anywhere. Ain't one of you can fuck her way out of a paper bra and I'm ready to prove it once and for all. Knockers, Hooters, contact me care of this magazine. We got a grudge to settle and we're gonna do it right here, tit to tit, whore to whore. I'm waitin' on youse."

ANOTHER
CHALLENGE

"Do I look familiar? I should. My name is Tina and I've been issuing challenges in men's magazines since mid '84. The challenge is a simple one: Tame me.

The catch is you have to pay me for the privilege. You know what? I haven't gotten one worthy response.

"Frankly, I'm quite surprised that no man came forward before. I thought American men were a tougher breed. Oh, I did get a letter from one dude, but then I mentioned needing

cash and all of a sudden he heard his mother calling. I mean, *really*. You know what I might do? I might just advertise in some European magazine. I bet I could find some Russian guy who could put me in my place and who'd be willing to fork over a fist-fill of rubles to do it.

"But I'm gonna give you Yankee's one more chance, because I'd much prefer an American man ripping off my lingerie and running his rough, work-hardened hands over my ripe, warm body. As a matter of fact, I could really lose my inhibitions to some tough oil rigger type who'd force me to do things

I only fantasize about. And I can guarantee you one thing. The right guy will only have to pay me once.

So write me care of this mag, guys. I double dare you."

HIGH PLAINS HOOKER

"Hey cowboy, new to the ranch? Well, I'm right pleased to meet ya! Folks round here call me Dallas and I figure I'm the meanest, leanest, cleanest cowgirl/hooker east or west of the Pecos. I've been waitin' to heat up your six shooter an' put my brand on ya so don't be keepin' me waitin'

"I got my name from my man, Tex. He discovered me workin' at a bar-b-q stand at a

rodeo out by Reno. I was jest seventeen and Ole Tex said I had the nicest body he'd ever done laid eyes on. Cute as a spotted pup under a new wagon, how he put it. He told me I had more of a future then just flippin' ribs on a mesquite grill and that very afternoon he started me on a whole new breed a learnin' likes a which I never seen. Seems I was a good student 'cause I been Tex's honey ever since.

"I know all kinda tricks can lighten a saddle-sore cowpoke's load. I like startin' out real slow, rub up agin ya one way, then the other. Then I start in on a little lickin', just like a spotted pup nibblin' on a rib bone. Ceptin' I sure ain't no pup no more.

"By the time I'm done huggin' and cuddlin', you'll be ready for the last round-up. Then I got a heap of a surprise

for ya. Call it my Nevada Special. A lil' twist this-a-way, a lil' squeeze that-a-way an', hon, I'll have ya thinkin' you're with three cowgirls steada one. Sound interestin' to ya? Just see Tex over by the supper wagon and have ya money out. I'll be waitin' for ya..."

5 O'Clock Fanny

"One of the things I like about being a lady of the night is getting the days off. I wake up about one in the afternoon and spend the rest of the day amusing myself. Since I live in a cute little adobe cottage here in Tucson, there's nothing I like better than to wander outside and strut my stuff for the construction guys building the condo next door. They just *stare*. 'Course they've figured out I'm a whore, and one of them got up the nerve to approach me the other day. He was a nice looking guy, but I told him the same thing I tell everybody else. 'Sorry friend, I don't start work 'til five. You're welcome then.' And I

did make him welcome then, him and two of his friends.

"I've always felt there's more to my job than just flat-backing. I regard myself as a professional and I take my work very seriously. That's why I came up with couch aerobics. Through this soon-to-be-patented method I can keep fit and trim while experimenting with new positions and techniques.

"Some days five o'clock rolls around much sooner than expected. I'm just starting to enjoy the day when, all of a sudden, it's over. But when duty calls, I can't complain. It could be you on the telephone or at the door and I'd hate to disappoint. Just be a sport and remember, not before five."